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BROKE IN AND OUT OF JOURNALISM

Unless memory is at fault, the story is told in Sut Lovingood of the Georgia cracker, who, returning home from town drunk, stopped on the roadside, unhitched his yoke of oxen, lay down in his wagon and went to sleep. On awaking next morning, his mind still not clear, the cattle having wandered off, he soliloquized somewhat in this fashion:

"Well, I'll be d—d! If I am Long John Jones, I've lost the best yoke of steers in Lumpkin county; if I ain't Long John, then, by gum, I've found a wagon."

It is related that a mining stock Napoleon of Sumpter had a similar mental experience in Baker City one day last week. He had gone down for a touch of high life, as is exemplified in the county seat, had put where it would do the most harm large quantities of the stuff that made Carrie Nation famous, and while under its exhilarating influence the color scheme of his fancy was all a gorgeous roseate hue. He is never averse to talking of himself, his huge stock transactions, the tremendous enterprises he is about to finance; the futurity feature of which resembles his promised dividends. In fact, if the truth must be told, even when beastly sober his estimate of himself is on the other side of par; but when under the influence of his favorite brand, he brags like a Cheyenne buck. While thus discouraging of himself and his business, he was challenged for a trade, accepted the proposition in as nonchalant a manner as if he were merely calling for another round, and in the course of the early morning hours, was shown to his room at the Geiser.

Along towards noon, he awoke, and, like the Georgia cracker, his brain box was a trifle clogged. Of course, the button was pressed for the bell boy. He yearned for oceans of ice water, bottles of three star Hennewy and cases of soda. In going through his pockets to find a tip for the bell hop, he discovered a receipt for a partial payment on his purchase of the night before, and a corresponding shortage in his roll. Then there dawned upon his mind a faint remembrance of the transaction, and he, too, soliloquized, about as follows:

"If I am all of, the whole chase, IT, that is to say, Neil J. Sorensen &

Co., then I am shy a bunch of long green, of proportions sufficient to choke a Jersey bull; if I am some other financier, why, I am the owner of a newspaper, to-wit, the Baker City Herald, daily except Sunday and weekly, with the largest circulation in eastern Oregon, except that of my own nature given, self-cooking mouth."

He at first started in to make good; the transfer was announced in black face type at the top of the editorial column; but an all night knock-down and drag-out conference with a brother journalist, so the story goes, convinced him that he didn't need a newspaper in his business—in Baker City—so he repudiated the bargain, forfeited the money paid and hiked for the far east, where lies his profitable mining operations.

Of course, there are many details connected with this particular and peculiar incident in the career of the above-described mining stock Napoleon; but these details—some of which are but little short of sensational—were given to the writer hereof in strictest confidence; while the bald outline given is a matter of common knowledge. Travelers from Baker City give highly colored accounts of the transaction, with great gusto. Passing mention is made by these relators of wordy wars with bank cashiers, whereby a snug chunk of easy money was lost to the Napoleon through the refusal of the aforesaid bank cashier to stand idly by and permit an oldtime friend to be hornswoggled out of a wad of long green. Brief, but at the same time pointed, mention is also made of overdrawn bank accounts, of the arrival of life-saving remittances at the eleventh hour, and of a tottering financial structure saved by merely a hair. All these details aforementioned, are given by gossip, and while it might be easy enough to verify their accuracy and truth, they possess such trifling importance affecting the purpose of his recital that their verification were a waste of time.

The story of the ancient and honorable craft (not graft) of mine promotion in eastern Oregon contains a glittering example of very nearly a parallel case to the one here cited. It will be remembered that this historical figure, not content with gathering the golden sheaves from

the fallow eastern investment fields, undertook to break into journalism. His purchase of a vehicle with which to indulge a furor scribendi was also made on the spur of the moment. He hung with it for nearly four years, but landed ultimately in jail—a fact not directly traceable to his possession of a newspaper, but in spite of it.

History, since the making of it began in the singling of morning stars of creation, has habituated itself to the practice of repeating. There is no unwisdom in the supposition that in the case at bar, had not our modern Georgia cracker let go when he did, there would have been another page of Balliettish history to write regarding these gold fields.

As things have turned out, there is some room for congratulation. So far as The Miner has been able to discover, the public, either at Baker City or Sumpter, mourns not the fact that the mining Napoleon has decided to forgo journalism. Mayhaps this is explained by the fact that I gran dolori sono muti, which, being translated into the vulgate, means that no one has any kick coming.

Suit Against Albert Geiser.

According to the Baker City Democrat, suit has been instituted in the circuit court there against Albert Geiser, lessee of the Bonanza mine, the plaintiff being a gentleman by the name of McDonald, a big official in the judicial department of the provincial government of British Columbia. The suit is for collection of a \$169 fine, imposed by the courts of British Columbia against Mr. Geiser three years ago, for bringing alien labor into the province. It all happened when Geiser went to the assistance of his old friend, Bela Kadish, of Baker City, who, at that time, was general manager of the Le Roi mine and Northport smelter. His men struck, and both mine and smelter were shut down. Geiser recruited a crew of miners and smelters from eastern Oregon, and broke the strike. He is quoted by the Democrat as saying that he paid the fine at the time of its imposition, and that somebody has slipped a cog if the money failed to reach the right place.

Ex-Consul Buys Mines.

F. R. Blockberger, who recently purchased a twentieth interest in the Mayflower group of mines in the Sumpter district, was United States consul at Roseland, British Columbia, in 1899. He acquired the Mayflower interest the other day through purchase from M. U. Gartner, for \$300. Gartner acquired his interest through purchase from L. V. Swiggett, the Sumpter mining man, who is general manager of the Golden Chariot.

MORNING NOT SOLD

On application of the owners of the morning mine, Federal Judge Bellinger, in Portland last Friday, issued a restraining order to prevent the sale of the property, under execution, at Canyon City. The owners have also asked that a receiver be appointed for the company.

The restraining order holds until April 21; when the case will be heard on its merits, and it will then be decided whether or not the application for the appointment of a receiver will be granted.

The principal creditors who were forcing the sale are Clark Snyder and P. Basche. The property was to have been sold Saturday, under their execution, but was stopped by wired instructions from the Federal court. Fred Fontaine was there to bid it in for the creditors.

Mr. Ames, one of the owners, offered some days since, to pay all of the creditors a portion of the money due them, if they would give him time on the balance, but Clark Snyder refused to accept this proposition, insisting on the sale; so the application to have the company placed in the hands of a receiver was the only course left open to save the sacrifice of this valuable mine for a small fraction of its worth.

Unless some compromise is reached, months will be required to straighten out the legal complications.

Colonel Emmett Callahan, of Baker City, passed through town on the afternoon train from Canyon City, where he went to bid on the Morning for eastern clients, had the sale not been stopped. He represents no judgments or other liens, but wished to buy the property outright. He says there is a question as to the time which the law permits for redemption under execution sale; that in his judgment it is sixty days for unpatented ground and one year if patented.

A heavy flow of surface water has been recently encountered in the Black Jack mine, near Granite, operated by the Killen, Warner, Stewart company, and work is interfered with.

Superintendent Heath, of the Standard mine, reports to the home office of the Killen, Warner, Stewart company, that everything is in readiness for the electric drills, which have been ordered, and which are expected to arrive this week for immediate installation.